

The Pleasant History of
JACK HORNER.

BEING

A truly instructive, pleasant, and delightful Entertainment for Youth.



WILTSHIRE:
Printed by B. M. DUNN, in the Market-place.

The Tenth History of

JACOB HOBBS

A new and revised edition of the
Tenth History of Jacob Hobbs



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OF THE TENTH HISTORY OF JACOB HOBBS

THE PLEASANT
HISTORY
OF
JACK HORNER,

CHAP. I.

Of Jack's Birth and Education.

JACK Horner was a pretty lad,
Near London he did dwell,
His father's heart he made full glad,
His mother lov'd him well:
She oft set him on her lap,
To turn him dry beneath,
And fed him with sweet sugar pap,
Because he had no teeth.

While little Jack was sweet and young,
 If he by chance should cry,
 His mother pretty sonnets sung,
 With a Lul-la-ba-by;

With such a dainty curious tone,
 He sung as well as she.

A pretty boy of curious wit,
 All people spoke his praise,
 And in the corner would he sit,

In Christmas holy-days:
 When friendly they did together meet,
 To pass away the time,

Why little Jack was sure to eat
 His Christmas pye in rhyme.

And said "Jack Honer, in the corner,
 "Eats good Christmas pye,

"With his thumbs pulls out the plumbs

"And said good boy am I."

These pretty verses which he made,
 Upon his Christmas chear,

Did gain him love, as it is said,
 Of all both far and near.

The lasses lov'd his company,
 Each day still more than other;

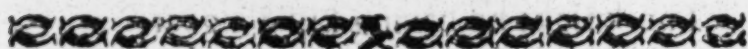
They knew right well that he would be
 A man before his mother.

He grew, they saw, at any rate,

Both proper straight, and trim,

So

So that young Nancy, Sue and Kate,
 Were all in love with him.
 Happy was she that could enjoy,
 From him one kind embrace,
 Though once he was a little boy,
 Yet now he grows apace.
 Thus few was like him far and nigh,
 When he to age was come,
 As he was thirteen inches high,
 A giant to Tom Thumb.
 When e'er he took his sword in hand,
 He made his foes to bleed.
 As you at large may understand,
 Who shall this story read.



C H A P. II.

How he frighted the poor Taylor for cab-
 baging cloth out of his livery-coat.

JACK being twenty years of age,
 Liv'd with a worthy knight,
 In manner of a pretty page,
 To yield him much delight.
 The knight right generous and free,
 Did for the taylor send,
 To make young Jack a livery.
 So much he was his friend.

But yet the taylor he was loath
 To quit his thievish trade.
 The knavish taylor was to blame,
 A cunning, crafty wag,
 He pinch'd as much out of the same,
 As made a marble bag.
 The coat was spoil'd, when it was made
 It came not to his knee,
 Jack in a raging passion laid,
 I'll be reveng'd on thee.
 This Taylor was a single man,
 Who lived in the town,
 Quoth Jack I am resolv'd anon
 For to affright this clown.
 The knight he having kill'd a goat,
 Whose skin was full as black,
 I do declare, as any story,
 This project pleased Jack.
 He wrapp'd it round him like a gown,
 At twelve o'clock at night,
 And then he rambled down the town,
 This Taylor to affright.
 He thro' a window did advance,
 Near to the Taylor's bed,
 And round the room did skip and dance
 With horns upon his head.
 He growl'd and grumbl'd like a bear,
 He did the anrick play,
 The frighted Taylor then did stare
 And trembled as he lay.

He saw the horns hang o'er his brow,
 His body short and thick,
 The taylor said, speak, who art thou?
 Quoth Jack, thy friend Old Nick.
 Thou hast observed my orders well,
 I find in each degree,
 And therefore in my gloomy cell,
 I have a place for thee.
 For you have been a thief indeed,
 I such a taylor lack,
 So do make haste and come with speed,
 I'll take thee on my back.
 Sweet, Mr. Devil, then he cry'd,
 O pardon me, I pray,
 I can't, nor won't, he then repli'd,
 Make haste and come away.
 The Taylor naked to the skin,
 His bed he did refrain,
 And down the stairs thro' thick and thin,
 He ran with might and main.
 Jack Horner followed him awhile,
 Yet left him at the last,
 And to himself did laugh and smile,
 To think of what had past:

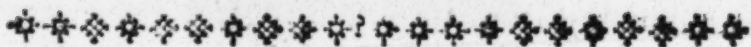
CHAP. III.

How he served their cook-maid, who broke
his head with the laddle, for making
a sop in the dripping-pan.

A Nother pleasant prank he play'd,
Upon a holliday,
Upon his master's servant maid,
It was a bloody fray.
Now she was lusty Joan by name,
Also their constant cook;
And when he to the Kitchen came,
She would him overlook.
And oftentimes would play her part
And call him creeping cur,
This vex'd Jack Horner to the heart,
He could not bear with her.
Upon a certain day young John
A slice of bread did take,
And threw it in the dripping pan,
That he a sop might make.
So soon as she the same did see,
It put her in a rage,
And with her basting laddle-she,
Jack Horner did engage.
She gave him raps upon the crown,
So hard and eke so fast,
That he at length did tumble down,
And gasping lay at last.

Altho' he did at first retreat,
 He soon return'd again,
 For standing stout upon his feet,
 He fought with might and main,
 He was but thirteen inches high,
 And the full five times more,
 Yet by his ingenuity.
 He brought her to the floor;
 For underneath her coats he got,
 Where he did straightway seize:
 With both his hands her beauty spot,
 And bit her by the knees.
 His teeth were sharp, so that she bled,
 He would not heed her cries,
 So that she pist upon his head,
 And put out both his eyes.
 But still Jack Horner kept his hold,
 And would not let her go.
 There did she roar, nay rave and scold
 But could not strike a blow.
 She call'd on Robin, Ralph, and Ben,
 But none did hear the lads,
 At length she tumbled down, and then
 He bit her by the a--se;
 So cruel hard it made her roar,
 She cry'd, let me alone,
 And I will ne'er offend thee more,
 Jack while my name is Joan.
 Well then, quoth Jack, if it be so
 That you'll not me offend,

I will this minute let you go,
And thus the fray did end.



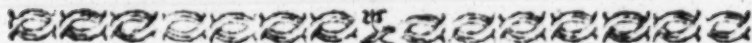
C H A P. IV.

How he met with an old Hermit, who for a
bottle of ale, gave him an invisible coat
and a pair of enchanted pipes.

UPON a pleasant holiday,
Jack going to the fair,
And as he pass'd along the way,
He saw a wonder there,
An aged man sat in a cave,
Who could not stand or go,
His head bore blossoms of the grave,
And locks as white as snow,
Strange hollow eyes and wrinkled brow,
His nose and chin did meet,
To him Jack Horner made a bow,
With words most soft and sweet,
He called John and thus did say,
Come hither lad to me,
And if thou dost me well obey,
Rewarded thou shalt be,
Bring me a fairing from the town,
At thy own proper cost,
A jug of nappy liquor brown,
Thy labour shan't be lost.
Jack made the hermit this reply,
Who then sat in his cell,

What you request I'll not deny,
 And so old dad farewell,
 At night he being stout and strong,
 The hermit he'd not fail,
 But at his back he lugg'd along,
 A lusty jug of ale,
 When when the hermit he beheld,
 It pleas'd him to the heart,
 Out of the same a cup he fill'd,
 And said before we part,
 I have a pipe which I'll bestow
 Upon you never doubt.
 Whoever hears it when you blow
 Shall dance and skip about :
 They sha'nt be able to stand still,
 While you the music play
 But after you o'er dale and hill,
 They all shall dance the hay.
 I have a coat for thee likewise,
 [Invisible I mean]
 The which shall so bedim their eyes,
 That thou shalt not be seen.
 If you should with an hundred meet,
 when thus you pass along,
 Tho' in the very open street,
 Not one of all the throng,
 Shall ever see you in the least,
 But hear the music sound,
 And wonder that both man and beast,
 Is forc'd to dance around.

Jack took the coat and bagpipes too,
 And thankfully did say,
 O father I will call on you,
 When e'er I come this way.



C H A P. V.

How he caused six fiddlers and six pedlars to
 to dance through hedges and ditches after
 his pipes, till he broke all their glasses and
 crowds.

THIS pipe and coat he having got,
 He home then trudg'd with speed,
 At length it was his happy lot,
 To cross a pleasant mead,
 Where he six fiddlers did espy,
 A coming from the fair,
 Under their coats crowds by their sides,
 And many others there.
 Amongst the rest six jolly blades,
 After these crowsers came,
 Who on their shoulders carry'd crates,
 With glasses in the same.
 Jack presently his coat put on,
 Which screen'd him from their sight,
 And said, I'll do the best I can,
 To plague them all this night!

For crowders they are rogues I know,
 And crades-men they are worle;
 They cozen all where e'er they go,
 And pick each las's purse.
 His pipe he then began to play,
 The crowdets straight to dance,
 The crades-men too as fast as they,
 Did caper, skip, and prance.
 Still Jack play'd up a merry strain,
 Both pleasant, loud and shrill;
 So that they danc'd and jump'd amain,
 Tho' much against their will.
 They cry'd this is enchanted ground,
 For why, no soul we see,
 And yet a pleasant sound,
 Makes us dance vehemently.
 Jack Horner laugh'd, and piping went,
 Straight down into a hollow,
 These hair-brain'd dancers by consent,
 They after him did follow.
 He led them all thro' bogs and sloughs,
 Nay, likewise ponds and ditches,
 And in the thorny briar-bows,
 Poor rogues they tore their breeches.
 Each fidler lost, or tore his cloak,
 But yet what follow'd after,
 The crowds were crack'd and glasses broke
 This was a woeful slaughter.
 At length it being somewhat late,
 Jack did his piping leave,

They ceas'd and saw their dirty state,
Which made them sigh and grieve.
This is, said some, old nick I know,
The author of this evil,
The others cry'd, if it be so,
He is a merry devil.
So Jack laugh'd and went his way,
And left them in despair,
So that ever since that very day,
The crowders came not there.



CHAP. VI.

Jacks kindness to his friend the innkeeper,
whose debts he paid off.

AN honest man an inkkeeper,
And friend to little Jack,
Who was, alas! in debt so far,
That he was like to crack.
This man he had a handsome wife,
Sweet, fair, and youthful too,
A quaker lov'd her as his life,
And this Jack Horner knew.
This quaker was a squire born,
Who did in wealth abound,
Says Jack I'll catch him in the corn,
Then put him in the pound.

First to the inn-keeper I'll go,
 And when I do him find,
 He soon shall understand and know,
 I will be truly kind,
 He met him in a narrow lane,
 And said my friend good-morrow,
 The Innkeeper reply'd again,
 My heart is filled with sorrow;
 Two hundred pounds I am in debt,
 Which should be paid next week,
 It makes me sigh, lament, and fret,
 Having the coin to seek.
 Quoth Jack, if you'll be ruled by me,
 I'll put you in a way
 How you yourself from debt may free,
 And all that money pay,
 Nay, that is joyful news he cry'd,
 Thou art a friend indeed,
 Thy wit shall stand my present guide,
 For never was more need.
 Go tell thy loving wife says he,
 Thy joy and heart's delight,
 That thou must ride miles forty-three,
 And shalt come home this night,
 So mind the counsel that I give,
 Be not a wit afraid,
 For why, I tell you as I live,
 Your debts shall soon be paid.
 Mount the bay nag, and take thy leave,
 With your warm morning gown,

And lodge within the hollow oak,
 A mile out of the town,
 There may you sleep in sweet content,
 All night then take your rest,
 Then leave it to my management,
 Then Sir a pleasant jest ;
 Next morning you shall then behold
 The like ne'er seen before,
 Which shall produce a sum of gold,
 Nay likewise silver store.
 The inn-keeper said honest Jack,
 Since you this promise make,
 Believe me, as I am a man
 I will thy counsel take,
 Unto his wife in haste he went,
 And told her he must go
 A journey, saying, be content,
 For why it must be so.
 She seemingly began to weep,
 And with sad sighs replied
 You know alas, I cannot sleep,
 Without you by my side.
 Said he kind wife do not repine,
 Why should you sigh and grieve,
 I go but to a friend of mine
 Some money to receive.
 This said, with woman's fond deceit,
 She straightway ceased to mourn,
 And gave him twenty kisses sweet,
 Wishing his sweet return.

CHAP. VII.

How Jack put a trick upon the the innkeeper's Wife, a Quaker, and their servant Sue; by which the innkeeper got two hundred pounds.

SO soon as he was out of sight,
 She to the quaker sent,
 And ordered him to come at night
 And have his hearts content;
 They might be merry, sport and play,
 Her husband was from home,
 The Quaker said, by yea and nay,
 I will not fail to come.
 A sucking pip, and capon too,
 For him she did prepare,
 For why, alas! full well she knew
 He lov'd such dainty fare.
 Now just about the close of day,
 They did to supper fall,
 Now Jack was there as well as they,
 And walk'd about the hall.
 He did her fond behaviour note,
 As she on her friend did lean.
 Jack having his enchanted coat,
 He was not to be seen.
 He perfectly did hear and see,
 How they did toy and play,
 Thought he I will revenged be
 Before the break of day.

Her servant maid she went to bed
 When it grew somewhat late,,
 This done, he friend she likewise led,
 Up to her chamber straight,
 Where he did soon slip off his cloaths,
 Entire to her shirt,
 And into bed with her he goes,
 Concluding this no hurt.
 Jack in the chamber did abide,
 'Till it was almost day,
 When coming near the curtain's side,
 He heard the quaker say,
 That he had now a need to piss,
 And to the pot must go:
 Thought Jack I do rejoyce at this,
 A pleasant joke I'll shew.
 The quaker thinking little harm,
 Unto the pot he came,
 While Jack having a cunning charm,
 He locks him to the same.
 The good wife often to him cries,
 Why sits thou in the cold,
 The pot so sticks between my thighs,
 I cannot quit my hold,
 Quoth she, is the man grown fool,
 And straight to him she got,
 And laid one hand upon his tool,
 The other on the pot.
 There did she tug and pull amain,
 In hopes to set him free,

Yet all her labour was in vain,
 She stuck as fast as he.
 They being both in sad distress,
 They for the maid did knock,
 Who never stood herself to dress,
 But came up in her smock.
 The sight she saw was a surprize.
 She laughing stands and lingers,
 Clapping her hands before her eyes,
 And peeps between her fingers.
 You saucy slut then cries the dame,
 Come help me from the pot,
 The damsel said I blush for shame,
 To see what he has got.
 What has he got, you saucy sow?
 Why do you stand and prate?
 Come hither soon and help us now,
 Or faith I'll break your pate.
 Because her mistress should be pleas'd
 She strove to set them free.
 But instantly herself was seiz'd,
 So there they stuck all three,
 It being now near break of day,
 And they all linked fast,
 Jackson his pipes began to play,
 So down the stairs he pass'd,
 The quaker, mistress and the maid,
 When they the pipe did hear,
 Did caper to the tune he play'd,
 So after him did steer.

Into the street they all advanc'd
 Naked save smock and shirt,
 Like morrice-dancers did they prance,
 Up to the knees in dirt,
 They caper'd high, the piss did fly
 Over their heads and ears,
 And then it run down violently,
 Like drops of brinish tears.
 The Quaker said, by yea and nay,
 We are bewitch'd all three,
 I hear a pair of bagpipes play,
 Yet no one can I see.
 He brought them to the very oak,
 Where the inn-keeper lay,
 And for a while Jack did not speak,
 But on his pipe did play.
 The good man in the hollow tree,
 Immediately peep'd out,
 His neighbour, wife and maid to see
 All dance and jump about.
 Who's here? my kind and loving wife!
 Likewise my maid young Sue,
 My quaking neighbour too, 'ods' life,
 A jovial whoring crew.
 Jack broke the charm, and then the pot
 Soon loosen'd from their hands,
 And they were likewise reeking hot
 With skipping o'er the lands
 The inn-keeper said, note it well,
 I'll geld you e'er you go.

The quaker on his knees he fell,
 And cry'd some pity shew,
 My precious nutmegs do not wound,
 For fear I should not live ;
 I'll pay you down one hundred pounds,
 If you will me forgive.
 No, no, says Jack, we will have two,
 In lawful ready gold,
 Or else we will not pardon you,
 We have you fast in hold,
 I'll freely give thee thy demand ;
 But yet take care I pray,
 The wicked does not understand
 That I have gone astray.
 No, no, he cri'd, and home they went,
 And did the gold receive,
 The inn-keeper was well content,
 He had no cause to grieve.
 Then did he lead a happy life,
 He neither toils nor trets.
 But thanks Jack Horner and his wife
 For paying of his debts.

CHAP, VIII.

How Jack slew a Giant, and by which means he married a Knight's daughter.

A Giant huge, Jack Horner kill'd,
 One Galligantus, stout.
 As large as ever man beheld,

As large as ever man beheld,
 In all the world throughout,
 For this giant could with ease,
 Step ninety foot in length;
 Up by the roots he pull'd oak trees,
 So mighty was his strength.
 His jaws they opened like two gates,
 His beard hung down like wire,
 His eyes were like two pewter plates,
 He breathed smoke and fire.
 'Twas said that he destroy'd as much,
 As ten score men could eat.
 So that the people they did grudge
 Him every bit he eat;
 His meals it was continually
 Two bullocks for one dish,
 He two did drink the rivers dry,
 By which he starv'd the fish
 He went to drink it seems one day,
 Close by a river side,
 Where there a lighter full of hay,
 Did at an anchor ride;
 Besides another full of straw,
 The third with block and billet,
 He suck'd them all into his maw,
 Yet all those did not fill it.
 He did annoy the nation then,
 By night and eke by day,
 Whoever passed by his den,
 Became his fatal prey.

Hard by there liv'd a noble knight,
 Who had one daughter dear,
 Of youth and splendid beauty bright,
 Few could to her come near,
 He profer'd her to be the wife,
 Of him that could destroy,
 Such a brutish cruel giant's life,
 Which did them so annoy,
 But there was none would undertake,
 This task, all did fear him,
 For ev'ry one did fear and quake,
 When as they did draw near him,
 At length Jack Horner being told,
 Whoever could him slay,
 Might have both silver, aye and gold,
 Likewise a lady gay.
 'Quoth Jack, now let me live or die,
 I'll fight this swinish boar,
 I am but thirteen inches high,
 Yet he's ten yards and more.
 A sword he got five inches long,
 Likewise a cap of steel,
 His breast-plate too was stout and strong,
 Quoth Jack I'll make him reel.
 Upon a badger's back got he,
 In order to proceed,
 Thus being mounted Cap-a-pee,
 So off he rode full speed,
 With double courage, stout and brave,
 Jack did his valour keep,

When coming to the giant's cave,
 He found him fast asleep,
 His mouth it was not open wide,
 But stood it seems half-cock,
 Jack down his throat full speed did ride
 He never stood to knock.
 Jack cut and smash'd his guts and tripes,
 This hurt the giant sore,
 Then did he play upon his pipe,
 Which made him dance and roar.
 He cry'd I dance yet am nor well,
 There's none regards my moan,
 Just as dy'd firs, down he fell,
 And gave a hideous groan.
 Jack in his belly rill about,
 Full speed through thick and thin,
 Yet could not find the same way out
 At which he enter'd in.
 He still rid on and did advance,
 He vow'd to go thro' stitch,
 So that at length by mere good chance
 He crept out at his breech.
 With that he home full speed did run,
 And did in brief declare.
 What by his valour he had done,
 So gain'd the lady fair.

FINIS.

When coming to the giant's cave,
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F I N I S.

